THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, December 5,* 1807. [No. 7.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 108.

PHILOSOPHY.

Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy!

AT a time when the moral world is darkened with theories, and hypotheses, like the locusts of Egypt, "hurtle the air;" when scepticism would "*ray out darkness,*" and philosophy shed "*disastrous fate on half the nations,*" the words of this inspired monition, as if written with letters of fire on the edge of a cloud, should be kept constantly in view, and will be found, like another star in the East, "*mighty to save.*"

The Colossians too had their philosophers. Paul writes in chains from Rome to his friends at Colos, against the *beguilers with enticing words.* It was a warning from an apostle in captivity, from inspiration in bondage. Illustrious saint! amidst all thy perils, to dread only *the spoliations of philosophy*! Thou couldst bear the storms of the ocean and the tempests of the people, frequent imprisonment and often death! philosophy was *alone* intolerable. The viper thou couldst cast harmless into the fire; but here was a reptile out of thy reach, that men warmed to life in their bosoms, only to prey on their vitals. Well didst thou bid those at Thessalonia pray to be delivered, not from destruction or death, but "from *unreasonable* men." *Oppositions of science, falsely so called,* thou hadst to combat every where! At the Isle of Paphos, in the *false prophet* and the *Sorcerer*; at Lystra, in the Jews, "who *persuaded* the people;" at Ephesus, in the mercenary *Demetrius* and the worshippers of Diana; at Cæsarea, in the temporising *Felix, Festus,* and *Agrippa*; in every body, at Philippi; and at Athens, in the Sadducees, "the *Epicureans* and *Stoies.*" At thy reasonings Felix had trembled into conviction, and Agrippa been *altogether persuaded to be a christian,* had not the Governor and the King have been both *spoiled through philosophy.*

When every thing is depraved, no wonder words should partake of the general corruption. Thus philosophy, signifying the love of wisdom at first, now denotes merely a lust of innovation. Instead of affording support to stability and countenance to constancy, it is an advocate for variety and a lover of change. It is *ever to make new experiments,* and *never to learn from experience.* It is to improve the whole and neglect every part. That it may damn this state of existence, it is to doubt of another. "*Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy!*"

We live in an age of wonders. Not men, but gods, walk the earth. Every individual seems a Jesus

out of whose head Minervas are continually jumping. These frail divinities "are born and die, a thousand in an hour." Alike only in one trait of character, they are all lying orators. False theories are multiplied. The new crowd out the old, and everyday are

"Systems on systems into ruin hurl'd."

The philosopher hopes that these fluctuations of opinion will at length shake the foundations of principle. He would tempt you to exchange old establishments for promised improvements, faith in certain revelation for dependance on fallible reason. But be not deceived by the speciousness of promise. "*Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy!*

When I see a youth, listening to the vagaries of a visionary philologist,* who is not yet satisfied that the capitol of a language necessarily fixes its standard; that Greek was spoken best at Athens, and Latin at Rome; but aspires, like another Constantine, to change the seat of empire, and give his own name to the new capitol *he* shall establish, I smile in derision, and whisper in the ear of the student a word of advice. Adhere to the standard of speech, as given by the best English writers, who wrote and pronounced the language in London, and *beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy!*

When I behold infidelity at the source of authority, the *false prophet*, as at Paphos, "*with the deputy of the country,*" who, like Elymas, but *born* blind, gropes about in darkness, a "*palpable obscure,*" *seeking some one to lead him by the hand*; I cannot but point the rulers of the world to the spectacle, and bid them forever *beware lest any man spoil them through philosophy.*

* Noah Webster.

"*Last, but not least*"—the people. St. Paul, it seems, was a friend of the people. You whom the Jews *persuaded* to *stone* him, and whom Gentiles, less artful, persuade to greater enormities; to you, the people, who crucified his Saviour, and crucify to this day effigies, where you cannot get the substance; to you, he addresses himself! Of every change you are the victims! Let who will rise, on your heads must he stand! Bear in mind the French revolution! It is Philosophy's *strange* work. Behold her trample upon authority and *bury the monarch in the ruins of his throne*! In one hand a torch, to fire the temples of God; in the other a dagger, to murder the worshippers that would escape the conflagration! In the name of Philosophy, the father slaughters his son, and the mother the child of her bosom. At Paris the nation rear her an altar. She sits at its head, like *Saturn to devour her sons.** These are *thy orgies*, philosophy.! For you, the people, was this experiment tried, and you have marked its success. "Liberty and equality," was the incantation over the cauldron, but Despotism, the monster that sprang from its flame. Are you protected in your property and personal liberty? It is enough. Revere the establishments, that secure to you the one, and the principles, that defend the other! Would any man advocate change? Behold the French and tremble at revolution! Would any one harangue you on political liberty, on the rights of suffrage, rotation in office, your being born free and equal, and such cant? be alarmed!—it is that Devil, *Philosophy, and beware of the spoiler*!

* The Revolution has been said to have devoured her own sons,

THE DRAMA.

No. 6.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

Wednesday evening, December 2.

The powers of *Rowe*, as a writer, must be sought for in tragedy; and here, he surprises us by his art in particular scenes and situations, rather than by the originality of his invention, or the general structure of his plots. Of seven tragedies composed by this author, three still maintain possession of the stage; Tamerlane, Jane Shore, and the Fair Penitent. This if it be considered is no mean praise, since there is no other author of equal antiquity excepting Shakespeare, for whom the boast, can with equal propriety be maintained. At least there is no one, who unites with the number of his dramas so much merit as Nicholas Rowe. The FAIR PENITENT is however more remarkable for harmonious diction and figurative elegance, than for fulness of incident, consistency of character, or morality of fable. Though the general result of this drama has a tendency to promote virtue; it must be admitted, that in the progress of the fable the *apparent* sentiment is inimical to strict propriety. The gaiety of Lothario, the determined frailty of Calista, are calculated to render vice amiable; while the stoicism of Sciolto, and the rigid feeling of Horatio, are rather repellant than attractive. As Rowe adheres very closely to the *Fatal Dowry* of Massinger, in the Fair Penitent, so the sentiments contained in it have imbibed a hue of the original, from which it was copied. And though the drug is so sweetened by the more modern writer that its taste is no longer nauseous, it nevertheless retains the poison in all its natural strength. The 2d scene of the 2d Act, is fairly attributable to Rowe; and *is in some degree a refutation* of the opinion of a great w iter, that the emotions of this dramatist were general, and ill defined, applicable only to common occasions and evincing none of the niceties of a consummate observer of human nature. For, this scene of Horatio with Lothario, exemplifies great knowledge of mankind, of the modes of particular passions, and the means to display them with effect; in short, the art of the poet has rendered this scene equal to any one of the same length, in the whole scope of the English drama.

We feel much gratification in being able to notice the performance of this play in terms of the most decisive approbation; especially, as we have been unwarrantably charged with scattering the scalding drops from the scourge of censure, with a too liberal and unsparing hand. The *general* representation of this play, will bear us out in a course of commendatory observation; and the personation of *particular* parts, will command in addition, the aid of spontaneous panegyric. The limits of our paper will not admit, and if it could, our inclination would not lead us into a minute investigation of all Mrs. Warren's performances, since she has been in Boston: they all possessed great merit. And we mean not to be invidious in placing Belvidera and Calista at the head of the list, and *Calista*, as the better of the two. This part it is our province at present to notice, and to notice it, is to praise. The general expression of the character was forcible, correct, and highly discriminative. There were no vague utterances of the language of the author; but every sentence conveyed a meaning, and most commonly the best that could be conceived. Her bye play in the interview with Horatio, was both judicious and original; and her emphasis was prominent, accurate and feeling. With Altamont in the second act, the suppression of her feelings was finely conveyed.

"*Such* hearts as *ours* were never pair'd *above*,
Ill suited to each other; *join'd*—not *match'd*."

"'Tis the day,
In which my *father* gave *my* hand to *Altamont*,
As such, I will remember it for ever."

The soliloquy, "How hard is the condition of our sex," was properly, indeed, elegantly delivered. And subsequently, her dialogue with Horatio, which we have noticed above, contained traits of uncommon excellence.

The expression, in answer to the declaration of Horatio, that he came to prove himself her friend, was well delivered.

"You are my *husband's* friend, the friend of *Altamont!*"

This sentence too had great merit.

"To *steal*, unlook'd for on my *private* sorrow,
Speaks *not* the man of *honour*, nor the *friend*;
But *rather* means the *spy*."

The following interrogation, surpassed in force, manner, and propriety, any one which preceded, or followed it.

" And what bold parasite's *officious* tongue,
Shall *dare* to tax *Calista's* name with *guilt?*"

Indeed, her spirit and deportment throughout the scene, could hardly be surpassed. And we think she softened the asperity of the character, which is chargeable with evincing grief for the discovery, and not the commission of crime. The personation, on the whole, was the best Calista we have ever seen in Boston.

Horatio, by Mr. Fennell, is among this gentleman's best personations.—The age of the character, and his elevation of conduct, suited the years of the tragedian and his lofty deportment. The versification of Rowe, being so much more accurate than that of Shakespeare, made more prominent the nicety of Mr. Fennell's articulations, and the excellence of his readings. We witnessed his performance with minuteness of attention, that we might not lose the least trifle of pleasure. We select instances, not to imply that any passages were dark, but merely to intimate on what he seemed to have collected most rays of light.

In the first scene, Mr. F. was just to the author throughout. The last speech in the dialogue he spoke with impression

" Yet what thou *could'st*, thou *did'st*,
And *didst* it LIKE A SON."

And afterwards,

"Heaven, who *beheld* the *pious* act *approv'd* it,
And bade *Sciolto's bounty* be *its proxy*,
To bless thy *filial* virtue with abundance."

The whole soliloquy on entering, as Lothario retreats, beginning

" *Sure* 'tis the *very error* of my *eyes*,"

he gave well. The incident of accidentally drawing his foot over the letter, till the noise of paper on the ground attracts his attention and makes him exclaim " What paper 's this?" was happily introduced. Its stage effect was obvious, and it was a very lively substitute for the vacant stupidity of very luckily fixing the eye upon the very spot where the letter was laid, without any other imaginable reason, than because the actor knew the letter was to lay there. The letter was read with force, and the echo to the subscription,

" The *lost* indeed! for thou art gone *as far*,
As there *can be* perdition,"

was well mark'd.

The subsequent scene with Lavinia was played with success.

In the passage

" *Seek* not to know what I would hide from *all*,
But *most* from *thee*; I *never* knew a *pleasure*,
Aught that was *joyful*, *fortunate*, or *good*,
But *straight* I *ran* to *bless* thee with the *tidings*,
And *laid* up *all* my *happiness* with *thee*."

Mr. F. read *for* thee, which is perhaps an improvement.

The following passage lost none of its beauties in this evening's delivery.

" For they are *false*, *luxurious* in their appetites,
And *all* the *heav'n* they *hope* for is *variety*;
One lover to *another still* succeeds,
Another and *another 'after* that,
And the *last* fool is *welcome* as the *former*,
Till having lov'd *his* hour out, *he* gives place,
And mingles with the *herd*, that went before him."

The allusion to Adam's thoughtlessness, when betrayed by Eve, at the close of the soliloquy, where he first resolves to seek Lothario was given with energy, that seemed not to suffer even from the fetters of rhyme.

" Nor *could believe* that such a *heav'nly* face
Had *bargain'd* with the *Devil* to *damn* her *wretched* race."

The soliloquy afterwards in the street, before he meets Lothario, he uttered with extreme judgment, admirably suiting the word to the action, and the action to the word. He strongly marked the difference between " Lothario's father," and the son, and evidently played with reference to this clue through the whole scene. The following taunt was well spoken.

" Thou *fled'st* and *guilt* was on thee, like a *thief*,
A *pilferer*, descried in some *dark* corner
Who there had lodg'd, with *mischievous* intent,
To *rob* and *ravage* at the hour of *rest*
And do a *midnight* murder on the *sleepers*."

The last line in the subjoined passage was given with wonderful effect. Contempt was made to cut, like a lancet.

——" I think Calista,
Too *nice*, too *noble*, and too *great of soul*,
To be the prey of such a *thing* as *thou* art."

Again,

"Away! *no woman could*—*descend* so *low*."

Mr. F. made the subsequent lines strike, ——— " I must not have

(*Mark* me, *young* sir,) [*advancing towards him*] her *very name profan'd.*"

Learn to *restrain* the license of your speech;
'Tis *held* you are *too lavish*. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses and *yourselves*;
'Tis *safer* and *becomes* your understandings."

The menace of death and the blow were both given with force, and the acceptance of the challenge,

" *I'll* meet thee there,"

was strikingly lofty. But we could have wished that in the street scene, Mr. Fennell's *hat* had been *on*.

The scene with Calista, where she tears up the letter, was, if any scene is to be selected, the best played for enunciation and gesture of any one in the piece. Mrs W. here found herself in company, that would keep her in countenance. Though here was *no* " malice, that would blast *her* fame," yet if entering fairly into competition was the object,

" *The man, who dar'd to do it was Horatio.*"

The subsequent scene with Altamont was well managed, but where Horatio draws after the blow given, and after a few thrusts, desists with the exclamation,

" Yet hold—By heav'n his father's in his face."

The acting was peculiarly fine.

The reconciliation with Altamont at the intervention of Lavinia, was well played, with all that fidelity at displaying the various passions of Horatio, honour, friendship, and love, that Mr. Fennell displayed through the whole personation, and that Mr Rowe could have wished, in the representative of the character. This play was written when dramatic *bon ton* exacted that every act or scene should close with some rhymes; and though this is extremely embarrassing to every actor as an artifice i obstruction of nature, yet Mr. Fennell's extreme correctness in the pronunciation of verse, lessened its awkwardness. To say the least of this gentleman s Horatio, it should stand by the side of his Zanga and Lear.

Mr Fox did some degree of justice to the gay Lothario. The courage and impetuosity of the character were well portrayed But he did not give dignity enough to one who was

" As great a name as proud Genoa boasts of."

But abating some momentary hesitations from " casual eclipses of memory," and a want of correctness in the text, that in a new piece would have made the audience doubtful whether his part was verse or prose, Mr. Fox played well.

Mr. Usher, in " Sciolto" was, as usual, respectable. In fact, the actor made as much of the part as the author did of the character. It is a Virginius sophistication of nature. Mr. Usher was himself in the passages calculated to excite interest, and in the last act with Calista,

" See'st thou this *trembling* hand?
[*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urg'd, and *thrice* the slack'ning sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the *father*,"

he gave the lines with all good action, emotion, and emphasis. He looked the age of the character well. The face was made for himself, and well made.

Poe was perfect in his part, and made quite a tolerable Altamont. He played best the first scene with Horatio. He should aim " to infuse a portion of new life" into his personations

Rossano—we expect something from Taylor hereafter.

Lavinia, by Mrs. Usher, was accurately recited and delicately played. Such are the tones of her voice, (we make it as a *general* remark, not *particularly* applicable here) Mrs. Usher should labour to speak *deliberately* in order to be understood *distinctly*.

Even *Lucilla*, by Mrs. Dykes, in spite of her " *melancholy*," did not put us quite in the dumps. She had at least the merit of fidelity in memory. General accuracy in the text, and universal correctness in costume, were the proud distinctions of this evening's entertainment.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

EXTRACTS

From COWPER'S *Letters of his own Character.*

1763. " Oh, my good cousin! if I was to open my heart to you,

I could shew you strange sights; nothing, I flatter myself, that would shock you, but a great deal that would make you wonder. I am of a very singular temper, and very unlike all the men that I have ever conversed with. Certainly I am not an absolute fool; but I have more weaknesses than the greatest of all the fools I can recollect at present. In short, if I was as fit for the next world, as I am unfit for this, and God forbid I should speak it in vanity, I would not change conditions with any saint in Christendom.——I know not what you expect, but ever since I was born, I have been good at disappointing the most natural expectations. Many years ago, cousin, there was a possibility that I might prove a very different thing from what I am at present. My character is now fixt, and, between friends, is not a very splendid one, or likely to be guilty of much fascination."

"So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme The unhappy consequence of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation seldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination, that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue.

1786. "I am not naturally insensible, and the sensibilities that I had by Nature have been wonderfully enhanced by a long series of shocks, given to a frame of nerves that was never very athletic. I feel accordingly, whether painful or pleasant, in the extreme. Am easily elevated, and easily cast down. The frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again: the half of what you so kindly say in your last, would at any time restore my spirits, and being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. *I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) an infinite share of ambition:* but with it I have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause.

1785. "Dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly."

Lady C—— was rallying the Turkish ambassador concerning the Alcoran's permitting each Mussulman to have many wives; "'Tis true, Madam,' replied the Turk; 'and it permits it, that the husband may in several wives find the various accomplishments which many English women, like your ladyship, singly possess.'

Take the externals (M y) from MAJESTY, and what is it? A JEST.

CHARACTER.

By S. BUTLER, *author of Hudibras.*

A NEWSMONGER,

Is a retailer of rumour, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable commodity, that will not keep: for if it be not fresh it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing. True or false is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lye; and, as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lye serves as well as truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of Rowland Pepin, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them that it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well he is clapt on the back, and fed for it: for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate; for he imports his narratives from all parts within the geography of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the Russ and Polander, as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself by weft and stray silver-spoons, straggling hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets at L'Ombre.

They were amusing themselves one night at the Dutchess du Maine's, with finding ingenious differences between any two given subjects. 'What is the difference between me and a watch?' said the duchess to the Cardinal de Polignac, who was present—'A very material one, Madame,' said the cardinal; 'when we look on a watch we remember the flight of Time, but when we look on your grace we forget it.'

The subsequent lines form the Dedication to the second part of SOTHEBY'S *Saul.*

TO MY SONS.

This Lay be yours! whom yet these haunts of peace*
Hold, where my childhood play'd, and still I trace
The bright sun rise, and close his summer race,
Nor wish for bliss beyond. Here soon must cease
Your pastimes. Manhood, from these sheltering shades
Beckons you forth. Go then, but reckless not
Of those, who in this sweet sequester'd spot
Shed their lone tears upon the sun-shine glades.
Your future fate revolving. Bear in mind
The lore here taught, and happiness, that sprung
Of innocence, perpetual carol sung.
Then—"since to part,"—to God's high will resign'd,
Advance where duty calls. Enough to know
That virtue guides to bliss, vice leads to woe.

* *Fair-Mead Lodge, Epping Forest.*

From the Monthly Mirror for July.

STAGE CHRONICLES.

1. Now in that day *John* the *Kembleite* reigned over the city of Babylon, and the multitude flocked around the gates of his palace, crying, Oh king, reign thou over us for ever.

2. But it came to pass that the people of Babylon were in that day of a fickle and perverse nature, insomuch that they waxed weary of *John the Kembleite*, and took counsel how they might despoil him of his throne.

3. And behold there came from afar off a man with a white beard, called *Hough*, and he bore in his right hand the youthful *Bettyadad*, whose chin was *guiltless of beard*, neither was there *whisker to his cheek*.

4. And the people marvelled greatly, crying, "Oh prince, who art thou?" But the man *Hough* whispered the youth, "*Answer* thou, and say thy name is *Norval*."

5. And the youthful *Bettyadad* knitted his *flaxen* brow, and cried with *a shrill voice*, "My name is Norval." And lo! the people clapped their hands and cried, "who is like unto the youthful *Bettyadad*, who in wisdom and understanding far exceedeth *John* the *Kembleite*."

6. And the nobles of the land brought unto him myrrh and frankincense, and rich offerings, and arrayed him in purple and fine linen.

7. But *such* nobles were *not* of the *family of Solomon*.

8. Now it came to pass in that day that a damsel called *Fashion* held dominion over the city of *Babylon*, and she called unto her the youthful *Bettyadad*, and *dandled him on her knee*.

9. And behold the song of the Minstrel was hushed, and no man heeded the song of *Dignumafat*, who singeth in the *hall* called *Vaux*—yea, they *even hardened* their ears against the strains of *Kellybeg* the *Hibernian*, who *chopped his thumb* with an hatchet in the city of *Bagdat*.

10. And behold the youthful *Bettyadad* buckled on the armour of *presumption*, girding to his loins the *sword of Thumb*, and wielded the *truncheon*, and reigned in the place of *John* the *Kembleite*.

11. But behold *John* the *Kembleite* detached a centurion to the north, and detached a centurion to the south, and, *like Herod of old, seized on all the infants of Egypt*, to send one to depose the youthful *Bettyadad*.

12. And the little maid *Mudie* arose, and *John* the *Kembleite* took her by the hand, and led her forth to the walls of the palace, and bade the multitude fall down and worship her.

13. And the maid Mudie cried with a shrill voice, "Bud, Bud:" but the people despitefully entreated her, crying off, off, and sent forth, from their tongues and their teeth, a sound whereat the *bravest soldier* in the armies of *John* the *Kembleite trembleth and turneth pale*.

14. And *the sound was as the sound of serpents*.

15. Now it came to pass that the youthful *Bettyadad* rejoiced greatly hereat, and called unto him three witches, and demanded of them his future fate.

16. And one of the witches answered and said, "Oh insect of an hour! buzzing around the lofty brow of the mighty one, thy *fame is as the mound of sand, which children in sport raise from the sea shore—the tide of the people setteth against thee, and bringeth thee to nought*."

17. And another of the witches said, "Seest thou that cauldron, from which an infant riseth, bearing on his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty? thou art that baby, yea, like the youthful Daniel, shalt

thou be cast into the burning fiery furnace."

18. And they seized him in their arms, and cast him into the cauldron, and the youthful *Bettyadad* cried with a shrill voice, " dismiss me, enough !

19. And behold the cauldron sunk, and thunder arose, and darkness fell upon the land, and the fame of the youthful *Bettyadad* became even as the bladder of soap, which children in sport blow from the bowl of the tobacco pipe.

Among the unfortunate victims to the Revolutionary Government of France, the fate of the celebrated Roucher, author of the poem, Sur les Mois, forms a most touching instance to the view of sensibility.

During his confinement at the prison of the Conciergerie, he passed his time in the education of his Son, which seemed, in some degree, to palliate his sufferings. After being condemned to death, he sent for his Boy, and gave him a portrait which had been delineated by a fellow prisoner confined with him in the same room, with a solemn charge to remit it to his mother. The following delicate morceau he affixed at the bottom of the picture, the last expression of his feeling and sympathetic soul.

Ne vous 'etonner pas object charmant & doux
Si quelque air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage,
Lorsqu'un savon crayon dessinait cette image,
On dressait l'Echafaud & Je pensais à vous.

MERRIMENT.

An East India governour having died abroad, his body was put in arrack, to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely whipped; and, at the same time, forbade the purser, and indeed, all the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor no one could guess. The captain, resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, promised to forgive him, if he would tell whence he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hickuped out " Why, please your honour, I tapped the governour." [*Port Folio.*]

DIOGENES, the Cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a crowd of people, ' take care, young man,' said he, that you do not hit your father.'

ON MR. GILL, AN ATTORNEY.

Beneath this stone, by the bone of his bone
Lies Mr. John Gill,
By *lies* when alive, this attorney did thrive,
And now that he's dead, he *lies still.*

When Mr. Garrick wanted to purchase some houses in Drury-lane from the late Duke of Bedford's steward, he waited upon him, communicated his wishes, and required to know the terms. As the steward well knew that the acquisition to Mr. Garrick was nearly indispensible, who wanted to enlarge and lengthen the stage of the Old Theatre, he asked one thousand pounds.—"One thousand pounds!" exclaimed the British Roscius. " No, no, Mr. Palmer, I will never give any such enormous sum, depend upon it; the stage shall remain with its inconveniences; and

I wish you a good morning." After a mature consultation with Mr. Lacy, he returned to Mr. Palmer, and offered the sum demanded for the purchase: but the steward was as artful as the manager; and seeing his eagerness in the affair, added five hundred pounds to the former sum. "What! (said Garrick, half petrified,) Fifteen hundred pounds for a few houses as rotten as the linch-pin of the world! May I be branded for an ass as long as I exist, if I ever give away my money in that manner. No, no, Master Palmer, you have got the wrong sow by the ear. I wish you a good day, Sir." Again he returned to Lacy, and, after a long examination of the expected advantages and disadvantages, involved in the acceptance or rejection of the proposal, it was finally determined to make the purchase upon the increased terms, and put an end to this mutual anxiety. Full of this project, he invited Mr. Palmer to dine with him, under the hope that a glass of Burgundy would shake his cupidity. But he did not completely know his man; for when the subject was broached during the circulation of the bottle, Mr. Palmer froze the faculties of the joint patentees, by assuring them, that he had reconsidered the measure, and could not, consistent with his duty to his Lord, take less than two thousand pounds. "Two thousand pounds! (bellowed Garrick:) why it is not six hours ago that one half the sum would have been satisfactory. However, take the money, and sign the articles: for if I delay five minutes more, you may possibly demand half my estate for the fee-simple of a huckster's *chattau!*"

A lawyer and a physician disputed about precedence, and appealed to Diogenes. He gave it to the lawyer, and said, "Let the thief go first, and the excutioner follow."

"My dear Sir, do'nt disturb my feelings, (said Garrick to Johnson one night behind the scenes;) consider the feelings and exertions I have to go through!" "As to your feelings, David, (replied Johnson,) Punch has just as many. And as for your exertions, those of a man who cries turnips about the streets are greater."

There is a translation of the *Iliad* into blank verse by Dr. Edward Maurice, bishop of Ossory in Ireland, which never has been published. The ensuing passage will compare with some of the most celebrated translations.

IL. viii. 551.

As when the moon, with her attendant train
Of living sapphires, mounts the cloudless sky,
Snatching from Nature's face the veil of night;
Sudden the vallies wind, the rocks ascend,
And mountains in rude majesty: from heaven
Bursts wide effulgence, whilst unnumber'd stars
Gild the blue vault: the swains enraptur'd gaze.

By the death of Madam Geoffrin, there are about two hundred poetasters, who in all probability will never wear velvet again; that lady was so particularly nice in her taste that she complimented every author, who sung her praises at Christmas, with a pair of velvet breeches. It is computed by a member of her society, that no less than four thousand pair of velvet breeches have been worn out in the poetical service of that lady.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

The Executors of the last will of General Hamilton have deposited in the Public Library of New-York a copy of "*The Federalist*," which beonged to the General in his lifetime, n which he has designated, in his own hand-writing, the parts of that celebrated work written by himself, as well as those contributed by Mr. Jay and Mr. Madison. As it may not be uninteresting to many of your readers, I shall subjoin a copy of the General's *memorandum* for publication in "The Port Folio." M.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 54, Mr. Jay.

Nos. 10, 14, 37, to 48 inclusive, Mr. Madison.

Nos. 18, 19, 20, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Madison jointly—all the rest by Mr. Hamilton. [*Port Folio.*]

B. B. Hopkins and Co. Philadelphia, will shortly publish Dr. Rees *Domestic Medical Guide*, and Dr. Andrew's *Elements of Logic*.

J. Conrad and Co. Philadelphia, have nearly ready for publication the first volume of the *American Register*, edited by C. B. Brown to be continued semi-annually.

B. and T. Kite, Philadelphia, propose publishing in one volume octavo, *Elements of Meteria Madica and Pharmacy* by J. Murray—price 2 dollars 50 cents.

Samuel F. Bradford, Philadelphia, has in press *Crito's Letters on the Seat of Government*, with notes.

Mathew Carey, Philadelphia, has published *The Young Mill-Wright's and Miller's Guide*, by Oliver Evans, *of Philadelphia*; and has in press *Jacobs Chemical Pocket Book*.

T. and S. Manning, Philadelphia, has in press The Lay of an Irish Harp, by Miss Owenson.

W. P. Farrand, and Co. Philadelphia, are republishing Douglas's, Wilson's, and Cowper's Reports; Robert's on Fraudulent Conveyancing; Kyd, on Awards; and Wilson on Partnership; and are preparing for press, *Bacon's Abridgment*, with copious additions since Mr. Gwillim's notes were added.

MONTHLY LIST OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NOVEMBER.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Thomas Motley, mer. to Miss Anna Lathrop, daughter of the Rev. Dr Lathrop; Mr. Richard Hunting, to Miss Margaret Kingsberry; Mr. Reuben Bemis, mer. to Mrs Hannah P. Hadaway; Mr. John P. Rindge, of Portsmouth, to Miss Sarah Lewis, of Kittery; Mr. Charles H. Appleton, of Baltimore, to Miss Hannah Dawes, daughter of Judge Dawes, of this town; Mr. John Johnson, to Miss Sarah Butman; Mr. Edward Phillips, mer. to Miss Mary Salisbury, daughter of Mr. Samuel Salisbury; Mr. James T. Goodridge, to Miss Sally Tannatt; Mr. Moses Wheeler, mer. to Miss Elizabeth Porter; Mr. Joseph Austin, mer. to Miss Rebecca Green, daughter of Mr. John Green; Mr. Robert Heard, to Miss Mary B Perkins; Mr. A. P. Lewis, to Miss Catherine Connell; Mr. James Carter, printer, to Miss Sabra Cragg; Mr. Joseph Wheelwright, to Miss Mehitable Proctor; Mr. Martin Bicker, jun mer. to Miss Frances Garland Groves; Mr. J. Sanderson, mer. to Miss Jerusha Gardner, daughter of Capt. Lemuel Gardner; Mr. Bela Hunting, to Miss Sally Dunn; Mr. Amos Thrasher, to Miss Sally Floyd; Mr. Nathaniel Phillips, to Miss Margaret Bucknam; William Pickering, Esq of the island of St. Croix, to Miss Eliza Winslow, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Winslow, of this town; Mr. Peter Stephenson, to Miss Mary T. Vinal; Mr. Stephen Fairbanks, to Miss Abigail Parker; Capt. William M. Rogers, to Mrs. Charlotte Armstrong; Mr. John Lewis, to Miss Mary-Ann Ouvre; Mr. William Fenno, to Miss Sibbe Hayden Howard, of Quincy; Mr. Thomas Fobes, to Miss Sarah Foster; Mr. Nathaniel Bryant, to Miss Nancy Gates; Mr. Samuel Hall, pr. to Miss Esther F. Delano; Mr. John Moody, mer. of Bath, to Miss Mary H. Dunn; Mr. Silas W. Chase to Miss Ma-

ry Simonds; Capt. Jona. Allen, to Miss Eunice Learned.

In Salem, Mr. John H. Read, to Miss Mary Tyler; in Reading, Mr. Moses Abbot, mer. of Salem, to Mrs. Priscilla Nelson; in Dedham, Mr. Timothy Dodd, mer. of Boston, to Miss Susan Davis; in Providence, Mr. Chapin Norcross, to Miss Susan Danforth, both of Boston; in Amherst, (N. H.) Mr. H. Hamilton Clark, mer. of Boston, to Miss Nancy Barnard; in Weston, Mr. Gershom Cobb, mer. of Boston, to Miss Sarah Boyd; in Bridgewater, Mr. Libeus Foster, aged 21, to Miss Mary Leach, aged 41; in Falmouth, (Me.) Deacon Solomon Haskell, aged 83, to Mrs. Quimby, aged 76: The pious Deacon, who is an *exemplary* christian, was no doubt fully impressed with the truth contained in the 18th v. Gen. ii.

In New York, Mr. Othello Moore Grayman, of Yorkshire, (Eng.) to Miss Dingee Black Desdamona, of N. Y.; in Cambridge, (N. Y.) Mr. Colin Gibson, aged 70, to the much admired Miss Peggy Miller, aged 18;

DIED,

In this town, Mrs. Dorcas Austin, aged 33—Mr. George W. Butler, 23—Mr. John Dexter, 49—Mr. James Bigelow, 31—Mrs. Mary White, wife of Mr. John White, 22—Mrs. Sarah Low, 55—Virginia, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Stevens, 3y. 4m.—Widow Elizabeth Crommartie, 71—Mr. Henry Roby, 85—Mrs. Bethiah, relict of the late Mr. Benj. Cobb, 85—Mr. Joshua Wyman, 88—Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Daniel Lock, 25—Mr. Richard Hogan, 35—James White, son of Mr. James W. Burditt, 18m.—Mrs. Deborah, wife of Mr. James Livingston, 35—Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. J. N. Schaffer, 30—Nancy Greenwood, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Harris, 4y. 3m.—Dr. Charles Jarvis, 59—Mr. William Norman—Mr. Joshua Wyman, 38—Mr. Joseph Ruggles, 58—Mrs. Esther, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Green, 82—Mrs. Mary Hamblin, 58—Mrs. Rachel, wife of Mr. Benj. Sweetser—Mrs. Theda Ellis, wife of Mr. David Ellis, distiller—Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, 71—Master Jazaniah Bussey, 12.

In West Cambridge, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Ephraim Frost, jun. 37; Mr. William Jones, 40; in Cambridge, Mrs. Sarah Dickman; Mrs. Selina, wife of Mr. John Spencer, 87; in Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Booth, 63; in Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Nathaniel Tileston, 79; Mr. Aaron Bird, 75; in Milton, Miss Dorothy Davis, of this town, 60; in Medford, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Tafts, 71; in Hingham, Miss Hannah, daughter of Deacon Joshua Felton, of Roxbury, 39; in Salem, Widow Sarah Brown, 79; Mrs. Christiana, wife of Mr. John Swan, 26; Mr. Robert Gray, 30; Mr. James Harrington, 66; Mr. James Jeffrey, 74; Mrs. Ropes 86; Mrs. Walker, 40; in Hubbardston, Deacon Oliver Witt, 87; descendants, 9 children, 42 grand ch. and 36 gr. gr. ch.; Mr. William Joslin, 88; in Portsmouth, Miss Elizabeth Elliot, 23.

In Somers, Mr. Seth Chapin, 98; 7 of his brothers lived to be more than 70y. 5 more than 80y. and two are now living, one 83y. the other 88y.; in Waterbury, Deacon Gideon Hotchkiss, 91; the father of 15 children, 105 grand-ch. 155 gr. gr. ch. and 4 of the next generation.

In Savannah, Dr. Elijah P. Crocker, a native of Massachusetts; in Charleston, suddenly, Mr. Thomas Hatton, comedian, of the Charleston Theatre, and formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, London; Hon. John Lloyd, Esq. 73, an active and zealous promoter of the American revolution, and for many years President of the S. C. Senate; Mr. John White, 73, a native of Europe, but had resided in Boston, (Ms.) nearly forty years; at sea, October 1 captain Thomas Holland, of Boston on his passage from S. America, Capt. Roberts, formerly of Boston; in New Orleans, of yellow fever, Capt. George Waterhouse, of the artillery of the U. S. in the 35th year of his age.

In Marseilles, (Fr.) on the 28th of August last, (where she had gone for the recovery of her health) Mrs. Rachel Blake, 34, wife of George Blake, Esq. of this town, district attorney of Massachusetts; in London, Earl Deloraine, 71; he has no male heir, and the title becomes extinct; Mr. James Nicholson, of York, supposed to be the best performer on the pipe and tabor in England; in England, Sir Brook Watson, Bt. Alderman of London; a celebrated character; in Petersburgh, (R.) Count Wasigeu, minister of finance, 61.

In Switzerland, John Lewis Delolme, the celebrated author of the Treatise "on the Constitution of England," and other works; in Ayr, Dr. Mc Gill, known by his "Practical Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By David Carlisle, *No. 5, Court Street*